# ON THE EAST COAST.

"We are in God's hand, How strange, now, looks this life He makes u -R. Browning, (Andrea del Sarto.) The boat went out with the ebb to sea. That June-tide in the mornin My bonny boys waved their hands to me. That June-tide in the morning. I stood and watched them from the door, My bonny, brave boys came back no more,

That June-tide in the morning. The sun shone bright and the wind was low. That June-tide in the morning: And I kissed them ere I bade them go. That June-tide in the morning. The leaves were young upon the vine When my boys' warm lips were pressed to mine,

I watched the boat as it left the bay, That June-tide in the morning; And ever until my latest day That June-tide in the morning Comes back to me when the skies are clear And the roses bloom-yet I felt no fear, That June-tide in the morning

A mist came up and it hid the sea, That June-tide in the morning. Little I thought what awaited me, That June-tide in the morning. How those lips had been pressed to mine Here on earth for the very last time. That June-tide in the morning.

The rising tide brought them home no more. That June-tide in the morning. Ere noon the boat drifted safe ashore That Jung-tide in the morning. The mist had hidden the Dead Man's rock, And never a boat could withstand its shock No matter how fair the morning

They found their grave in the great North Sea. That June-tide in the morning-My boys who came never back to me, That June-tide in the morning. Yet the waves were stilled, and the wind

Thank God, I kissed them ere they did go. That June-tide in the morning! -The Academy.

### DOCTOR BOB.

How He Freed Aunt Tempe from the "Kunjer."

Une' Primus' wife, Priscilla, who kept the dairy on Tom-in-Luck Plantation, died about midsummer, in the twelfth year after Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie were married. and settled on a place of their own. She left, among other valuables, a flowered pitcher that was the cause of quarrel between Unc' Primus and his sister-in-law.

Aunt Priscy had left no children, but Unc' Primus had a niece to whom he wished to present the flowered pitcher, while Mom Rhody declared that Aunt Priscy had willed that particular pitcher to her nearest of kin, Aunt Tempe.

Backed by Mom Rhody, Aunt Tempe got possession of the pitcher, but in the struggle the spout was broken off, and this small ragment Unc' Primus pocketed, vowing vengeance.

"Hit's a gret pity," said Mom Rhody, uneasily, "det Primus is sister's son's wife's nephew ter ole Unc' December over ter Mawse Coe's," and she speedily procured a rabbit's left hind-foot for Aunt Tempe to wear in her hosom

Thus panoplied, Aunt Tempe defied Unc' Primus, who, in less than three months. took a second wife, professed himself at peace with all the world, and made over to Aunt Tempe whatever possessions of her deceased sister he had not already bestowed

"Dat 'ceitful Primus!" said Mom Rhody: and when, on a day in September, Aunt Tempe was taken ill, Mom Rhody declared, mysteriously, that it was just what she had

But it was not what any one else would have expected, for Aunt Tempe was a robust, cheerful woman, brisk and tidy, and frolicsome as a kitten with Mis' Nannie's children. That Aunt Tempe should be ill was incomprehensible, and so strangely ill! She had no fever, she complained of no "misery" anywhere; she simply stopped in the midst of cutting out the plantation clothing, and announced with solemnity that "somethin' ur 'nother wuz wrong." As Mom Rhody stated it:

#### "Of a Friday by noon, 'Cordin' ter change ob de moon, Sis' Tempe her wuk wuz done.'

Mom Rhody had a gift at oracular jingles that procured her great esteem on the plantation. It was not hidden from the negroes that this old nurse, who had "raised" Mawse Tom was deep in the lore of the evil one and all his works-not to do them, but to give warning thereof; for Mom Rhody was a sister in the church that stood in the sandy bottom beside the creek, a shouting and fasting member, a leader in "prah-meetin's." as one called to wage a perpetual warfare. so she said, against Satan and his imps, and Mom Rhody held that Friday was the devil's own day.

"Hukkom I know dat?" said she. "De is signs a-plenty. Doan' ev'ybody see jay-buds is skaase o' Fridays, 'long o' totin' sticks ter men' de fiahs below? When you see mischance happen o' dat day, debbil got a han' in dat job by me ans o' his ministers, sho'ly -mo'n perticklar effen moon changes."

When it was suggested that the doctor should be sent for, Mom Rhody shook her head and said: "No white man's doctor top side o' de yeth couldn' do Sis' Tempe no

good."
"Mom Rhody did not hesitate to express this opinion to Mawse Tom himself, seeing that she had "raised" him. But Mawse Tom would not listen to such nonsense, he said and as Aunt Tempe had now been lying ill some days without improvement, Christopher Columbus was dispatched for the family physician, who felt Aunt Tempe's pulse and looked at her tongue, and asked if she had any pain.

Aunt Tempe said: "No; only a general gin-out." The doctor thought at first that she was "playing 'possum," but day by day she grew worse, until at last it was indisputable that she was very ill She could not move, except to turn her poor head upon her pillow, and roll her eyes beseechingly. The power of speech was gone.

"I done told Mawse Tom he gwan fling away his money on white man's doctor!" grumbled Mom Rhody. "En now I tell you, Mis' Nannie, honey, Sis' Tempe is done gin up ter die, douten Doctor Bob is sent fur."

Doctor Bob should have borne some outlandish, tongue-twisting name, for he was a native African, but time out of mind he had been known as Doctor Bob, a healer of the "kunjered," and the negroes far and near regarded him with a sentiment bordering on veneration. He was a slave on old Major Wheaten's place over in the next county, but his master never hesitated to allow him to lay down the hoe whenever there came a summons from a victim of the

Indeed, Dr. Bob's fees were a liberal offset to the loss of his labor in the cottonrow, for, between the major and doctor, the charges amounted to fifty dollars, more or less, and whoever employed Doctor Bob had the trouble of hauling him and his paraphernalia back and forth. There was not very much of Doctor Bob, is is true, but

there was a great deal of the paraphernalia. Mawse Tom grumbled much at paying such a price for humbuggery and superstition, especially as both he and Doctor Henly had decided that Aunt Tempe's case was hopeless; but old Mis' and Mis' Nannie said that they could not see Aunt Tempe die with any wish ungratihed, and little Nan, and

gross of Tom-in-Luck would have felt them- and the cabin.

selves doomed by wholesale to the powers of darkness; but Doctor Bob had never been known to refuse. It was, as the negroes say, "a half-hour by sun," when the ex-cart that had been sent for him was seen toiling up the hill beyond the peach orchard, and, by Mawse Tom's indulgence the negroes stopped work and assembled to receive the illustrious doctor-all except Unc' Primus. Primus was mauling rails in the woods, and he went on mauling rails. But he was not missed from the company

that crowded around the big gate, as the cart approached. Little Miss Nan and Roy and Susy were mounted on the topmost red bar, and Mom Rhody was there with baby Tom in her arms; a score of little pickaninnies swarmed over the fence-rails, and lost their balance and tumbled into the sand, and picked themselves up again afraid to cry. The older aegroes formed a line on each side of the way, bowing obsequiously as the cart passed through.

The cart was very full of something-no doubt of that, but at first Doctor Bob did not make much of a show. It was Christopher Columbus seated on the buck-board, and shouting to the ox, that chiefly struck the eve-"Christopher Columbus, swellin' wid his own insignificance, dat boy," Mom Rhody remarked severely; for Mom Rhody did not believe in forwardness in youth. However, Christopher, though he sat exalted, did not command the eye for long:

when the cart halted in front of the cabin assigned to Doctor Bob's exclusive use there was seen in the midst of a motley ar ray of squat and bulging jugs, a dwarfish figure, clad in dingy brown, and crouching with arms akimbo, so that he was hardly to be distinguished from the uncouth vessels that surrounded him, save for the bright and scintillating black eyes illuminating his ebony face, and darting fire at every glance. When, at Mawse Tom's approach, he removed his dingy can and revealed a neaked head as white as snow, the effect was so

startling, that the awe-stricken negroes feil back, and some of the pickaninnies stifled a yell in their mother's skirts. "Sho' cuore, massa," said Doctor Bob. with a gleaming grin, as he scrambled out of the cart. When he stood upon his feet,

his resemblance to his squatty jugs was more marked and more judicrous than ever. He was very short, and very bow-legged, with a pronounced paunch, which he supported with his two hands. He said he was a thousand years old, and the negroes believed it, but he had none of the feebleness, none of the apathy of age.

"Doctor Bob en he jug neber fail," he said Mawse Tom, with another grin, as he proceeded to remove the numerous vessels of different sizes, and to set them within the cabin door.

Lastly, he took from the cart a long. stout, knotty stick, black and polished, and cut into three spikes at the top. At sight of this there was a more pronounced retreat on the part of the beholders, and some of the very young ones ran away howling.

Doctor Bob evidently enjoyed the commotion he excited; his eyes twinkled and glanced, taking in every movement of the crowd, while he raised his stick aloft. waved it around his head, muttering strange words; then, walking backward around the cabin, he cast handful after handful of a curious kind of hard, shriveled, red berry, or bean, which he took from his pockets, and of which his supply seemed to be inex-

This done, he paused in front of the door. waved his hands thrice, which the negroes emed to accept as a dismissal for one accord, they straggled away; a few of the older ones, whether through inherited we have recommended for many years, tradition, whether through an instinctive sense of decorum characteristic of their race, advanced, one by one, did obeisance to Doctor Bob, and solemnly retired.

Doctor Bob entered his cabin, and was seen no more until about noon next day. This was the time fixed for the initiation of his ministrations to Aunt Tempe. He began by walking backward around her cabin, as he had walked around his own, throwing handful after handful of his shriveled scarlet beans. There were not so many witnesses on this occasion, for the negroes were at work, but Mis' Nannie was present, and Mom Rhody. Aunt Tempe's cabin with its little garden

was one of the tidiest on the plantation. Her little flower-bed had been gay all summer with "four-o'clocks" and "old maids." which toddling baby Tom would pull and lay on her pillow, saying: "Pitty fowers, make Mom Tempe well.'

At first Aunt Tempe smiled at the child and feebly strove to stroke his curls, but she had not smiled now for many days. When, however, Doctor Bob looked at her and said "Doctor Bob know; Doctor Bob cuore," Aunt Tempe smiled once more.

To Mis' Nannie's great alarm-for it was a chilly day in November and Aunt Tempe was almost a skeleton-Doctor Bob uncovered his patient's feet, and, with great solemnity, laid his staff across Aunt Tempe's feet, uttering some cabalistic words that want to take this trouble, and cares Mom Rhody evidently understood, for she made a response in similar gibberish, at which Doctor Bob seemed greatly pleased. He now took his position in the middle of the room, fixed his eyes on Aunt Tempe, of hay daily for each hundred pounds and bending his crooked legs to an extraordinary angle, began swaying slowly back

wild chant. His voice never rose above this low, mo notonous crooning, but his movement presently grew faster and faster, and at that instant Mom Rhody entered upon the same performance, which was maintained with great vigor until both fell to the floor exhausted. Doctor Bob was the first to recover. He removed his staff from Aunt Tempe's feet with one hand, and with the other he held up to view two small balls of

and forth, waving his arms, and crooning a

"See um?" he said to Mis' Nannie. "Come outen foots, but trabelled de body froo." "Do you expect me to believe such nonsense?" said Mis' Nannie, indignantly. "Honey, honey," panted Mom Rhody, 'doan' balk de cuore!"

"Um gwan see," muttered Doctor Bob, in ludgeon, as he wrapped the balls of hair in a fabric, the like of which Mis' Nannie had never seen before. He then left the cabin. but presently returned with one of his smallest jugs full of a steaming liquid; this he placed at Aunt Tempe's feet, and covered all closely with the marvelous patchwork. "Um no better, eh?" he said to Mis' Nan-

nie, jerking his thumb toward the bed. Certainly Aunt Tempe was no worse. So the "powwow," as Mawse Tom called it, went on Jay after day with this difference, that it took place after dark when nore of the negroes-special selections of Mom Rhedy's-could be present to "assist"

in the ministrations, and Mawse Tom came to look on, instead of Mis' Nannie Every night Doctor Bob drew bigger and bigger balls of hair from Aunt Tempe's feet, and put a bigger jug of some mysterious steaming compound in her bed, and Aunt Tempe began to recover the power of

speech and the use of her hands. At last, when for eight consecutive days he had exhibited those mysterious balls of hair, supposed to travel through Aunt Tempe's body and come out at her feet, and Aunt Tempe all the while visibly growing better, on the morning of the ninth day, that being Friday, Doctor Bob announced that she would be loosed from the "kunger" I sundown, and that whoever had been in. strumental in putting it upon her would therefore, after the crops are secured 'drap in de tracks," and only Doctor Bob's in autumn, to make a second examina-

effects of that same "kunjer." At Doctor Bob's requisition, all the negroes were summoned at sundown to march in procession around Aunt Tempe's cabin, ole Mis' and Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie being there as lookers-on with all

Aunt Tempe lay on her bed opposite the door, which was wide open, that egress might be allowed the invisible "kunjer," is better to have a surplus of food than too many animals, because a needless Roy and Susy, and even baby Tom, began now to clamor for Doctor Bob; therefore, though Mawse Tom had often declared that Doctor Bob should never set foot on his herself freely. Doctor Bob stood outside, facing the door, at a sufficient distance to Had Doctor Bob refused to come, the ne- allow the procession to pass between him policy.-Country Gentleman.

Despite his diminutive size, despite his deformity, this hoary-headed black dwarf wore an air of majesty, and humbuggery though he felt it all to be, Mawse Tom could not laugh; to these ignorant creatures it

bore a s'znificance so terrible. Mis' Nannie, when Doctor Bob began his unearthly crooning, clung trembling to her husband, and was half-sorry she had permitted the children to be present.

Most negroes incline to a rocking gait, and Doctor Bob, swayed and swung heavily, and doubtless had the marching and the crooning continued many minutes, they would all have passed into a convulsive dance, but the march presently came abruptly to an end.

In obedience to a fascination none could resist, each negro, in passing, looked in at the invalid on the bed, but when Primus looked in, he uttered a yell, and fell flat upon his face.

He had seen what nobody else stayed to as if a bomb-shell had burst among them. Primus saw Aunt Tempe, who had not moved for so many weeks, spring out of bed and rush to the fire-place, for Aunt Tempe, too, had seen what nobody else saw, she had seen the log in the fireplace burn asunder, and scatter in its fall the burning coals over baby Tom.

No one could understand, at first, the apparition of Aunt Tempe in the doorway, with the sleeping child in her arms, and the tears running down her wasted cheeks. Even to Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie it seemed a sort of miracle, and I make no doubt that Doctor Bob himself was in a measure astonished, but he said, complacently:

"Um done loosed, feed um, warm um, um walk bombye." Then he turned his attention to Primus, who upon recovering his senses, forswore

Unc' December and all his arts. As for Aunt Tempe, she did not recover her full strength immediately, but she improved rapidly, and never was ill again. She died in freedom at an extreme old age. cheered to the last by the affectionate devotion of baby Tom, whom she was accustomed to pet and scold long after his beard was grown.

Mawse Tom paid Doctor Bob's fee withbe doubted by any reasonable mind that Aunt Tempe's faithful affection for baby Tom was a powerful factor in her cure though Doctor Bob took to himself all the glory of it.-Elizabeth W. Bellamy, in Youth's Companion.

#### SOME SOUND ADVICE. Why Every Farmer Should Know Exactly What He Raises.

An exchange says correctly that it is important in feeding animals through winter to have a full supply, and then adds: "It is very difficult to gauge the amount of feed that will be necessary for the stock for any considerable length of time, and in order to avoid any risk it is best to keep a good supply." This we regard as a mistake into which many farmers fall, namely,

that of collecting or reserving an indefinite quantity of grain and fodder. not knowing at all where or when it will land them when it is all con sumed at some indefinite future. As there is no difficulty in ascertaining the amount on hand, and in determining the rate at which animals consume it, the farmer may arrive at a tolerably accurate knowledge on these points, the chief uncertainty being in the weather, whether mild or severe, or of short or long continuance; but even here the careful farmer who understands arithmetic, and who by sufficient shelter keeps his animals as comfortable in severe as in mild weather.

will find little difficulty. Take a few examples. By counting his loads of hay when drawing in from the meadow, he may have a fair estimate of how much he has secured. But if he can not do this, he may measure the amount in his barn, compute the cubic feet and divide by 500 for compact or pressed timothy, or by 700 if the hay is clover, for the number of tons he has on hand. Then weigh the hay he feeds to his animals each day for a few days, and he will easily know how fast they are consuming his supply. Or, if he does not less for strict accuracy, he may ascertain or estimate the aggregate of his animals, and allow about three pounds of animals. This, by a little practice. will enable him to make supply and demand meet, more accurately than many actually accomplish. If grain is largely fed, it will somewhat modify the result. The supply of other kinds of food may be determined in a similar manner. Turnips, carrots, or other roots may be estimated without difficulty. This will be better and easier that the attempt to secure feed for starving horses and cattle by being thrown out of food in a scarce, stormy,

or difficult time in winter. The grain supply is easily and readily measured in graduated bins, where the eve sees at a glance by the large and distinct numbers on the compartments of the granary just how much they contain at any time. If care is taken for uniform and regular feeding, the owner may know at once from the two measurements how long his grain or mea will last. Corn-cribs may be measured, and the number of cubic feet they contain ascertained; and then by multiplying the cubic feet by 8 and dividing the product by 5, we learn the number of heaped bushels. Marking the bushels at different heights will enable any one to see at a glance how much there happens to be on hand.

But computations of this character should not stop here. There should be of feed raised on the farm, and the terrible was about to take place. Ladies amount needed for the animals to carry screamed, and yelled, and fainted. Men ords, Navy Department, Washington. attention of unemployed women in them through. Rigid accuracy is more rose from their seats with flaming eyes THE Department of New York, G. A. other cities to it.—Globe-Democrat. difficult here in making estimates in and swore all kinds of oaths. Several R., makes the following excellent advance, because the amount is sc times I heard my own name mentioned, showing for the year 1888: December much controlled by weather. Farms, and I did not know but what I would be 31, 1887, the membership was 38,852 in Ga., is rather a remarkable character. however, in a high state of cultivation, shot myself. I tell you, my boy, that 613 posts; December 31, 1888, the He is eighty-two years old, was never are less affected in their crops by wet scene simply beggars description. I records show a membership of 39,869 sick a day in his life, was never in bed seasons or droughts. It may be well mercy could save that person from the tion, in the manner we have described, and to act accordingly, either by selling food, purchasing animals, or the reverse, in order not to have too great a surplus of one or the other for the best profits. This will be better than the children, except baby Tom, who was to do as some farmers, by selling grain asleep on a blanket in front of Aunt Tempe's or feed early, and then being compelled to buy again before the spring has passed. As a nearly universal rule, it

future: but a surplus of animals, re-

A THRILLING SCENE.

Stirring Incident of War Days of Which

History Makes No Record. Few of those who saw the stately and efined work of Mrs. Jean Clara Walters in Gillette's play, "A Legal Wreck," would have fancied that the sedate. motherly lady had once upon a time fearlessly faced a scene which blanched Mawse Tom's slaves, under the influence of the face of many a strong man, caused grown women to scream and faint, and produced a general panic in an audience of goodly proportions in one of the principal theaters in the United States. Yet such is the sober fact, and Mrs. Walters to-day recalls the affair and tells the story of that awful night in a manner which can not fail to thoroughly captivate the listener-nay, almost bring to him the realization of an see, for the negroes scattered far and wide, event which must have impressed upon all those who saw it a memory which the years can never efface.

It was during the stormy period of the "late unpleasantness" that Mrs. Walters found herself in the then radiant city of New Orleans. The year was that of 1863-one of the most eventful of the civil war-when the minds of men and women (particularly the men and women who happened to be in the South at the time) were at a tension which nothing but a state of affairs such as was then existent can produce. The affair in which Mrs. Walters was the principal actor is one worthy of historic note, but which, like others of its kind, will probably never reach other annal than that of newspaper record. The manner in which the lady told the story to a reporter yesterday in the parlor of the St. James Hotel, can not be reproduced in cold type. She told it dramatically, and threw her whole soul into the recital. The best that can be done is to let her tell the tale herself, minus the expression, attiout questioning his skill, but it was not to tude, modulation and other personal emphasis and embellishment which came quite naturally to her as the story grew upon her.

> "It was in 1863," she said, "that our company, under the management of Ben De Bar, who will be remembered by St. Louisians as a dear old man, was closing the season in New Orleans. We were playing a fine spectacular piece called "The Seven Sisters." At that time General Ben Butler was occupying the city, and was in command of the army there. In the play there was a number of young ladies, of whom I was the chief, who, in the garb of Zouaves executed a pretty drill or march. The costumes they wore were composed of red, white and red stripes-rather gaudy, to be sure, but still very pretty. We were playing at the St. Charles Theater, and the first few nights drew splendid crowds. Everybody in the city came to see us. In the play, you know, the young ladies executed their little drill and then stood to one side, while I you say?" went to the front and sang the song 'Rally Round the Flag. Boys, Rally Once Again,' etc. The song was received understand that the audiences were mixed and there were a great many rebels in the crowd. Well, every thing passed off peaceably for the first two nights, but on the morning of the third day Tom Davy, who was then the acting manager of the theater, came to me and told me a story that made me feel funny. He said that the fame of my song had reached General Butler and that orders had been issued from headquarters that I would have to sing the National air and that the young ladies must wear a blue sash-to complete the National colors, you know, red, white and blue-or that the theater would be closed up. It was all the same to me United States Senator. what song I sang-Rally Round the Flag,' or 'Star-spangled Banner,' so I agreed, rather than lose the receipts, Portland, Me., in 1869. to sing the latter song. The news of the order had been noised abroad, and

on that night the house was packed the Department of Massachusetts. from pit to dome. "We got through with the play uninterrupted until the time came for my song. The girls did their little march and fell back, and the flag of the Union was brought to me. I took and flung it around me and sang the first stanza of 'The Star-spangled Banner.' I felt instinctively that an explosion was coming. As sure as I am now talking to you, you could have heard a pin drop when I began that song. This painful silence endured until the first stanza was finished, and then about half the audience, I suppose, began to hiss. Oh! it was awful! Suddenly the hissing was drowned in a burst of the wildest applause I ever heard.

"Then there was a Jull-the silence of the tomb fell upon the vast audience -and a man in one of the orchestra seats rose from where he sat. In his right hand he held a pistol, which he flourished above his head. Then, regardless of the audience, the actors, the ladies who were present-every thinghe cried out:

"So help me God, I'll shoot down like a dog the first fellow who hisses

that song again!" "In the ominous silence which followed this burst of irresistable passion I could hear the 'click!' 'click!' 'click!' 'click!' of hundreds of revolvers which were cocked in an instant. The Union men in the crowd covered the Confederates, all of whom were armed, and the play, song, actors and all were forgotten in the intensity of the excitement. orchestra made desperate efforts to and 1,017 members. The total number to six log rollings this year, lifts more play the thing down, but it was useless. of posts mustered during the year Feb- than most men, often indulges in coon authorities had locked the portals and Fully three posts in the department in the Primitive Baptist church for insisted that the song be sung to the were delinquent in the fourth quarter's fifty-eight years, was never drunk in end. If a single shot had been fired reports. that night, that theater would have run IT is recalled now that on one occa- lips. He is the father of twenty-four

the words called for. approached me and told me to have town."

courage. I followed his advice and won the day.

"All sorts of stories were told of me in the papers. They said I was a Southern sympathizer, and was simply singing the song because I was compelled to do it. But finally the crowd came over to me and all-North as well as South-were with me and for me before we finished our engagement"-St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

#### IN THE LAST DITCH.

A Man Who Declined to Surrender Unless

Accorded Honorable Terms. I had charge of a district in Mississippi after the war, and among the many duties was that of receiving the surrender of irregulars-men who had not surrendered with any organized body. Most of them came in very humbly, glad to have the thing settled, but once in a while I struck a fire-eater. One day a little red-head of a man, who had the voice of a baby and the avoirdupois of a youth, presented himself and began:

"Be gad, sah, I have come in, sah, to see what terms can be secured in case I "Haven't you surrendered yet?" I in-

"No, sah! Not by a blamed sight! I said I'd die in the last ditch, and I've kept my word."

"Whose company did you belong "Belong! Belong! Egad, sah, you insult me, sah! I belong to any one's

of my own!" "Which was it?"

"No mattah, sah; no mattah. I can not be crushed. I can be insuited, but not crushed. Good day, sah. I'll see the United States weep tears of blood befo' I'll surrendah. Haven't a card but my name is Colonel Risner." He went off in high dugeon, but in

about a week he returned and began: "As the impression seems to be general that the Southern Confederacy has been crushed, I called to see what terms would be granted me in case I concluded to lay down my sword." "Unconditional surrender," I briefly

"Then, be gad, sah. I'll never lav it down while life is left. The cause is lost, but principle remains. You can inform General Sheridan that I refuse to surrendah."

He returned two weeks later. He seemed to have had a hard time of it, the subject or has not the means at hand to as his uniform was in rags and his aid him.

"Look heah, Captain," he said as he came in, "I don't want to prolong this kidney and liver disorders, familiarly known for anything in my line promptly at bloody strife, but I am forced to do so as Warner's Safe Cure. honah. If accorded reasonable terms I might surrendah. What do

"The same as before." "Then you are determined to grind us fo' powdah, eh? Sooner than subwith semi-approbation, for you must | mit I'll shed the rest of my blood! Send on your armies, Captain; I am ready

Just a week from that day he came in again; said he'd like to surrender. drew his rations with the rest, and went off-in great good humor. He had been a corporal in a guerilla company numbering twenty-three men, and had never seen a man hurt.-N. Y. Sun.

## RANDOM SHOTS.

CALIFORNIA has eleven Circles of the Ladies of the Grand Army. GENERAL GILMAN MARTIN, of the old Second New Hampshire, is now a

THE name Relief Corps was first given to a society of noble women at

EMMA B. LAND was re-elected president of the Woman's Relief Corps of THE Woman's Relief Corps in Massa-

chusetts takes part and assists the Grand Army posts in getting up fairs, entertainments and camp-fires. MRS. U. S. GRANT has given \$25 to the fund for the Confederate Soldiers'

Home at Austin, Tex., because of "General Grant's kindly feeling toward the Southern people, though they were once his enemies. THERE is a man living at Petoskey.

Mich., who served during the war for the Union under peculiar circumstances. His best friend had enlisted, but as his wife was very sick the Petoskey man took his place in the ranks, served faithfully under the name of his afflicted friend and was honorably discharged. Ex-PRESIDENT HAYES has sent a

contribution to the fund for the Conferate Soldiers' Home. In his letter he takes the ground that Union soldiers should receive increasingly large amounts in pensions, but that it is eminently proper and desirable that the disabled soldiers of the other side, who are now citizens of our common country, should be generally aided by voluntary

MAJOR-GENERAL RUTHERFORD A. HAYES, U. S. A., Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, suggests in a recent circular "that former officers of the navy, who have papers in their possession relating to naval operations during the late war, thus produced to have sprung anew such as orders, reports, etc., should a correspondence between the amount The audience realized that something communicate with Prof. J. R. Saley, dustry of her own invention, and it U. S. N., in charge of Naval War Rec-

with blood. Peace was finally restored sion, near the close of the war, the children-fifteen now living-has and I finished the song, but I can assure Federal officer in command of the you that I did not do it with the dash forces that had been chasing Rosser for some time, without being able to come "Well, I sang it night after night, up with him, sent a formal notice to the I remember the only one who had a hereby notified to immediately remove

FOR LITERARY MEN.

To Avoid Breaking Down They Must Either

Read or Circulate. One or two things a writer must do: he must either read or circulate; 'twere better if he were to do both. If he does neither, he will surely "break down"-he may grow fat and be heartier in body than ever before, but his ability to produce with his brain will be gone. He has run out of stock. poor fool!

You may search history through and you'll not find a great author who "broke down."

Mr. Shakespeare didn't break down; he replenished his mind both by reading and by circulation. Charles Dickens didn't break; he was not a reader, but he was a circulator; night after night he traversed London, studying human nature. Father Prout was a reader but no circulator; in the study of literature he found that food and refreshment which his magnificent brain required. Victor Hugo didn't break; he improved with age. The big men have achieved bigness by conducting their intellectual affairs on sensible, practical principles. The fire that is constantly re-

plenished will not go out until it is

put out. The so-called literary men who gad and prattle about the waning intellectual powers of age are either those who have no intellectual powers to wane, or those who have neglected or abused their gifts. With these creatures we have no patience, nor shall we company! Why, sah, I had a regiment have any dealings; but to every young and ambitious author we give this golden advice: Disregarding all croakers, pay diligent heed to the replenishment of your minds; lay in stock constantly; read ten pages of what somebody else has written to every one you yourself write. Abide by this advice, and, though you live to be as old as Methuselah, you will never break nor falter.-Chicage

#### fmitation is impossible.

It has been shown that in many cases it is easy to successfully imitate. Scarcely has a new invention been announced before a host of imitations spring up on every side.

No higher encomium can be paid the inventor or discoverer than to encounter imitation, notwithstanding such flattery is not acceptable. In some cases successful imitation is rendered impossible, inasmuch as the imitator

is unable to lend a complete knowledge to Perhaps no article has been the object of attempted imitation more than the world-

In the preparation of this intensely popular remedial agent it is claimed that it is impossible to successfully imitate safe cure. even if the correct formula is known, because the peculiar devices and highly expensive mechanism used in its manufacture are beyond the reach of the would-be imi-

Adding to this the lack of a long experience, which has rendered perfect every step in its preparation which inventive genius can suggest, tegether with the great skill exercised in the selection of only the very best materials, the genuine article is perfection itself. Some effort is also being made to imitate a

popular line of old-fashioned log cabin home cures" known as "Warner's Log Cabin" remedies, comprising a sarsaparilla for the blood, hops and buchu for the stonach and system, cough remedy for colds, rose cream for catarrh, extract for relief from pain, hair tonic, porous plasters and

Successful imitation is rendered impossi ble for the reason that the same care has been given in their preparation.

An expensive laboratory, costing thousands of dollars, has been specially constructed for their manufacture and is under the immediate supervision of one of the best chemists known.

Poor material and means employed would be susceptible to easy imitation, but with the best of material, machinery and skilled labor employed, these household articles are given to the public beyond the reach of all successful counterfeiters.

## Patchwork China.

Boston is the abode of the arts. It is not surprising, therefore, that a gentle maiden of the modern Athens. expert through a life-time spent in the pursuit of æsthetic philosophy, should have invented a new plan for disposing usefully of expensive broken crockery. It is estimated by dealers that of such fragile mercandise five per cent. is destroyed by breakage before reaching the consumer. With goods of the more costly sort the loss is of serious consideration, and this the virgin disciple of the muses above referred to is trying in small part to save

as means of income for herself. She buys the fractured china and brittle ware of the local merchants, and fixes it over again in one shape or another for sale. Some of it it is made into what she calls "patchwork," being composed of all manner of scraps, fastened together with cement and rivets, so as to produce the queerestshaped vessels and most grotesque bits

of brick-a-brac ever seen in the world. A paint brush wielded with dexterous touch serves to conceal the joinings here and there, and so deftly are the alien parts united-no two of necessity having originally belonged to the same article-that one might well suppose the cups and jugs, etc., from the potter's hands. It is an inmay not be a bad notion to invite the

-Alfred Daniel, of Douglas County, stood there, trembling like a real. The and 630 posts, a net gain of 17 posts at sun-up, never lost a tooth, has been People rushed for the door, but the ruary 23 to February 20, 1889, was 25. and possum hunting, has been a deacon his life, and an oath never escaped his lips. He is the father of twenty-four children—fifteen now living—has seventy grandchildren and a number of great-grand-children.

-Physician-"I think from your but the scene was not repeated, al- mayor of a town near the Alabama and symptoms, madam, that your liver amount of hay or grain will do no harm, or may be easily disposed of in though the feeling ran high at times. Tennessee lines as follows: "You are must be quite torpid." Mrs. Haceide— "Land sakes alive, doctor! I guess quiring the owner to place them on short allowance, is a most unfortunate the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry, as I am preparing to shell the limit about froze the hull endurin't in the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry, as I am preparing to shell the limit about froze the hull endurin't limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry, as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry, as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry, as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry, as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry, as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry, as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain, who cavalry as I am preparing to shell the limit allowed the riot was old George Chaplain. time"-Judge

THOMAS KIRBY.

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